

PACIFIC WEEKLY

A WESTERN JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

DECEMBER 16, 1935



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PACIFIC WEEKLY

A Western Journal of Fact and Opinion

VOLUME III

MONDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1935

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CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| Notes and Comments | 281 |
| Are the Epics Preparing to Ditch Roosevelt? by Michael Corbin | 282 |
| Lincoln Steffens' Column | 283 |
| Fascism in San Francisco's Public Schools, by Lawrence Estavan | 284 |
| U.C.L.A. and the Janss Investment Company, by Clive Belmont | 285 |
| A Solution of the President's Mystery Problem by William Saroyan | 287 |
| Hollywood-Week | 289 |
| Books | |
| Encouraging Poets, by Marie de L. Welch | 290 |
| Reviews by Elvar Wayne, R. A. Kocher, Cleve Cart- mill, and Ella Winter | 290 |
| Our Contributors | 292 |
| Correspondence | 292 |
| "They Tell Me—" by Ella Winter | III |

NOTES AND COMMENT

THE BRIFFAULT ARTICLE

SINCE the publication of Robert Briffault's "The Essential Lie of Christianity" in PACIFIC WEEKLY (Oct. 14) there have been many discussions, written and oral, between members of our editorial staff and readers of the magazine. Much of this has centered around the question of our wisdom in publishing the article. It has been said by some that such publication was detrimental to the desired cementing of a united front, in which Christians, agnostics and atheists alike should find a common ground; in other words, that religious discussions are beside the main point of the need for a unified effort toward wiping out the destructive economic and social system under which we now live and against the exigencies of which we are forced continually to struggle. As editor of PACIFIC WEEKLY I do not take this attitude, but as editor I accepted and published Robert Whitaker's somewhat caustic comments on Mr. Briffault's article and his severe criticism of this magazine for publishing the article. In a later issue will be published Dr. George Hedley's reply to Mr. Briffault under the title, "The Essential Life of Christianity".

PACIFIC WEEKLY is not a magazine of propaganda; it is a magazine of fact, and opinion on fact. As Irene Hume says in a letter published this week in our correspondence column, it is "read mostly by people who are coming of age mentally". It is designed to provide thinking people with the truth of what is going on about us, and with frank discussion about that truth.

Pursuant to this policy, we intend to extend our correspondence column and to publish from week to week comments of readers on fact and opinion appearing in the magazine. This week there are included in this correspondence column three letters on the Briffault article.

We find it necessary hereafter, however, to limit letters to 300 words, and ask that on all correspondence it be indicated whether or not publication is desired. All letters must be signed, but a pseudonym may be adopted for publication.

—W. K. BASSETT

WHY STUDY MARX TO-DAY?

THIS is the title of the first article of a series written for PACIFIC WEEKLY by Harold M. King and to appear in next week's issue, dated December 23. Mr. King, a teacher, has been asked by us to lead a discussion on the works of Karl Marx, too little known in America to-day. We feel that a better understanding of political-economic history is essential in these turbulent times when men's minds are turning toward a possible solution of the social and economic problem which faces us.

The articles of Mr. King, to appear every other week, are not, of course, to be the last word on the subject. Rather they are designed to arouse educators, leaders of labor and students of social change to discuss the validity of Marx's theses in the light of history.

The first article, appearing next week, will deal generally with the Communist Manifesto (Marx and Engels 1847). We suggest that those who are not acquainted with this pamphlet visit their public libraries and prepare themselves for the discussion by making its acquaintance.

We invite those who are capable of adding to the interest of this study to contribute to the discussion. Those whose positions prevent the use of their names may use pseudonyms.

NOT SEEKING MARTYRDOM

TRYING to be a martyr."

That's the caption the San Francisco Chronicle places over the picture of a woman whose sincerity and honesty of purpose can be and is unrecognized only by narrow and intolerant persons such as the Chronicle represents in its role as an unequivocal mouth-piece of Big Business.

In electing to serve her sentence of 300 days in jail rather than waste \$600 which could be used to further the cause to which she is sincerely and unswervingly dedicated, Anita Whitney was not "trying to be a martyr"; she was maintaining the integrity which has marked her life for many years.

It is not strange, or at all unusual, that Anita Whitney was convicted of the charge against her; it is a travesty of American justice that she was arrested at all on that charge. Despite what Judge Robinson may have said, or may continue to say while his breath lasts, he knows, as all of us know, that Anita Whitney was arrested, tried and convicted solely because she is a Communist, solely because she was actively and effectively working in the interests of the Communist party.

It is not necessary that we uphold the principles or the activities of the Communist party to realize and lament the influence of propertied interests, the rich, the well-possessed, in their power to persecute persons who with honor, candor and fearlessness follow the dictates of their convictions and stand firmly for what they believe.

It is not necessary that we adopt radicalism as our own

principle of thought, to see the injustice and the viciousness of a system that permits technical shattering of the law by Democrats and Republicans and prosecutes and persecutes the members of radical groups for the same violations.

The "crime" of which Anita Whitney and Louise Todd were charged and convicted is a common one. Democrats and Republicans have long committed it, commit it to-day, and will continue to commit it. The only difference between the "crime" of Anita Whitney and Louise Todd and the Democrat and Republican petition-signature gatherers is that the two women did their work for what they believe is the good of mankind, the others do it for so much cash a signature. Mammon will undoubtedly bless the latter, but there are a host of much nobler gods on the side of the Whitneys and the Todds.

FASCISM CREEPS UP ON US

DR. HARRY ELMER BARNES, sociologist and writer, and the man who first suggested, what was later acknowledged generally, that Germany was not solely responsible for the World War, declares calmly:

Within ten years in this country, and in five years in Europe, men will have to decide between Fascism and Communism, which are the only alternatives left.

Fascism in this country will not come in as a parade with flying banners, but will creep in on us and will be well entrenched when the looked for leader—some Huey Long the second—will arrive.

We are likely to have a bullish pickup of business and stocks for the next two years with another depression thereafter. Then discontent will arise, force will be used against the labor movement, civil liberties will practically disappear, and then Sinclair Lewis' "minute men" will be herding us into concentration camps.

He cites present conditions of American life to back up his assertion, and adds:

If anyone doubts this, let him look around him and see that certain characteristics of Fascism are already among us.

Dr. Barnes must have recently visited California. Certainly nowhere in the country could he have found more justification for his prophecy.

His words, which are not surprising but serve merely as confirmation of what every thinking and observing person has long been convinced, make it necessary and highly expedient that active and sincere cooperation be given the American League Against War and Fascism, which is to-day determinedly battling against the oncoming tide.

The Northern California District has called delegates to a conference in San Francisco, December 14 and 15 to map a program of concerted effort against the forces which menace America to-day. It is hoped that the response may be large, the enthusiasm great, the determination steadfast and the program permanent and effective.

WPA MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE bewildering business of putting some of San Francisco's 35,000 relief clients to work and finding work for them to do stumbles forward in the best bureaucratic fashion. The vast and unwieldy WPA machine, slow to get started,

at last begins to function in a large, if stupid, way. Under continual pressure from the daily press, WPA and the United States Employment Service attempted to put 7,000 men to work in one day on labor projects. Only straggling numbers of ex-SERA workers had been set to work, so it was necessary to make a big show of it.

The results? Seven thousand men were called from all trades and professions to go to work as laborers. White collars are sent out for pick-and-shovel work; no one seems to know where they have been sent to, but labor is their reward from WPA. That means \$55 or \$65 a month and a 30-hour week. Among those drafted for last week's labor exercise were a man without a leg, a man without an arm, a ruptured man, several dentists, lawyers, architects, civil engineers, and men from all professional white collar groups. Anything to get the workers on the project—that seems to be the only aim. After that, no one cares.

In the meantime, employees of the United States Labor Service at 599 Mission Street have worked a month without pay; workers on some cultural projects have been paid, others not. Unpaid hours for overtime work accumulate, but no one dares to protest against the pittance offered by the last opportunity within capitalism. Everybody is going around, nobody is going anywhere.

ARE THE EPICS PREPARING TO DITCH ROOSEVELT?

PRESIDENT Franklin Delano Roosevelt has never been particularly noted for musical talents, nor does the word "Epic" suggest an arrangement of chords and choruses.

It is a matter of news, therefore, that Roosevelt's fate in the Epic camp will probably be announced in song by the thin high voice of Mort Judson, self-styled "Epic Tenor" and leader of community sings at Epic Temple.

In a little black notebook on Mr. Judson's bulging hip are a number of typed parodies of various popular songs. The subject of several of these is the perfidy of Mr. Roosevelt: his bland unawareness of the beauties of production-for-use; his friendly failure to recognize the excellencies of Upton Sinclair in the last election; and his smiling inertia concerning cooperatives.

These parodies have been mailed by Epic poets among Epic News subscribers as a result of an "Endless Song" contest currently conducted by that publication. Mr. Judson anticipates the day when he can whip them from his hip pocket and sing them in his peculiar fashion to Epic audiences, using them as a club to bludgeon Mr. Roosevelt into political limbo.

At present he is checked by cautious members of the board of directors.

"Don't sing that tonight, Mort," he was told by a board member at a recent meeting at Epic Temple (a former Methodist tabernacle where the book department sells, among others, Sinclair's *Profits of Religion*). "Roosevelt may come out for production-for-use. If he doesn't, then you can sing whatever you like."

Such statements by board members are not the only evidence that the Epics are drifting away from Washington, from which they hoped all blessings would flow.

Weekly meetings are promoted at the Epic Temple, where the WPA is currently being put on the pan of Epic indigna-

tion. Speakers are invited, and collections, of course, are taken.

Loud cheers were evoked at the December 2 meeting, when an invited speaker said: "We'll protest to Roosevelt about white-collar-workers swinging picks and shovels. If he won't do anything about it, then by God we'll get somebody who will!"

The ensuing applause rocked the auditorium.

Questions which will be decided shortly are: If Epic splits with Roosevelt, will they go third party? Will they remain Democrats and propose their own candidate if they can elect their own delegation to the national convention? Will they split among themselves?

But don't overlook the matter of songs. If Mort Judson's cold gets better, he may be heard almost any Monday night now, banging away at Mr. Roosevelt in three-quarter time. This is important especially to Mr. Judson, because he likes to sing.

—MICHAEL CORBIN

LINCOLN STEFFENS SPEAKING--

THE ATTEMPT of the administration to establish a united front of all businesses and labor ended, according to Hearst reports, in riotous scenes of disorder, marked by hisses, cat-calls, the shouts of "liar" and a challenge to a fistfight. The cause of the disharmony, the challenger to the fight was Business, specifically the Furniture Business. The President must not be discouraged. The boys are and they have been long under a strain. The President set out to reform business generally without the revolution overdue, by a gradual process of mild and rational restraint. Just what business suggested. All revolutionaries know that is impossible; all reformers have tried that to a finish. The gradualists have resisted and always will resist, with violence, each mincing step so that I, for instance, am convinced it were swifter, easier, less cruel to do the whole big job at one fell swoop, as Soviet Russia showed. The central, fundamental trouble was the fact that Business, itself in the control of the Capitalists, controlled government, and was a failure. A failure both as a form of government and as a form of business. It is a flop as a civilization: wars, depressions, empires, grafts and politics.

I remember when I came home ten years ago from Revolutionary Russia, reporting success in Asia, I met a wise American named Billy Kent and I tried to pass the good news to him.

"No," he said, "they (the Bolsheviks) haven't fed the people yet. You can't claim a victory for revolution until the feeding of the people is accomplished."

I resisted for reasons I gave, without moving him, but I knew he was right. A system that did not actually, methodically feed the population could not be accepted as a success. At that time we were being fed, practically all of us. Our civilization was a "success", according to William Kent, a congressman, from Kentville, California; a politician and a reformer from Chicago, and a cattle-man and a millionaire from the West.

Now wise Billy Kent is dead and gone, but I would like to nudge him to observe that it is our system that cannot feed the

people, and that Soviet, revolutionized Russia can and does. And I would like to point out to him that his crowd, the Capitalists in Washington, want to stop feeding our people by doles and charity, and force labor, for example, to get and depend on the earnings of wages on jobs when there are no jobs. And when Labor talks about taxing the rich to support the poor, kick up the sort of disorderly row and riot that used to come only from the workers, never from law and orderly business men.

The world is indeed turning upside down. All business men may well oppose the President, as the revolutionaries do. But anti-revolutionaries should support him till he and they are convinced that there is no other way to feed the people.

CHARLOTTE ANITA WHITNEY is mis-called a rich woman. She's a "lady", but that gentle word gives a false impression. She is high-bred, not in a class sense, not in a human sense, but in the animal sense that makes a fine horse a thoroughbred. And that's what she is: a person born and brought up to the possession and exercise without effort of our ideal virtues: courage, grace, generosity, understanding and imagination. The family wealth she inherited she has given to the use of the Communist Party. Her social prestige, her standing, her abilities, her reputation—everything she has, is at the disposal of the Bolsheviks. She took an American trail into the Revolution; she tried charity, and when that and business and liberalism and fairness failed, she walked, like a soldier, right up to the barricade and crossed over to the people's side.

ELLA YOUNG is here, visiting the Shawn O'Sheas, and the Irish are having a holiday. They are filling the Monterey Peninsula with fairies and the minds of men with fancies. The nice thing about the Irish is that they don't have to believe their poetry; not literally; like Robin Jeffers they don't have to buy or sell the roan stallion; they only have to sing their silly stuff, imagine and play it. They are all poets, creating a world fit to live in. Anybody who loves the children of men and doesn't care anything about what happens to the Irish in their errors can watch them getting lost with the kids and the fairies. But I can tell you it is a treat to have our real estate populated with folks as unimportant as the Irish and their creatures like Ireland itself.

If you care to hear how foolish the Irish can be, I will recall an historical incident that Ella Young recalls about James Stephens and Lady Astor's magnificent park in London. The Irish poet was visiting Lady Astor and admiring the sweep of the lawn and trees that he was contemplating out of her window. He called her to look, too, then he asked her to make him a present of it all.

"I don't want a deed to it," he said. "I couldn't pay the taxes. And I couldn't stand the costs of keeping it up and in order. No, you take care of it, but do let me come and see and admire and feel that this is all mine, all—mine."

Lady Astor told me this tale, and she laughed, but also she stopped laughing. She is a Christian Scientist, you know. She probably has an inkling of what the poet meant. But he isn't a Christian Scientist; James Stephens is an Irish Catholic pagan and when he was here a week ago he did what the other Irish do: he sat in his hotel, stood at a bar and filled Carmel with fairies, fancies and folks like that. He had as grand a time as those foolish people at the O'Shea's this week, those poets. Why, do you know, John O'Shea is a poet even when he paints, and as for Mollie, his wife, she is forever

going around handing out flowers.

Our Vigilantes ought to raid the Carmel Highlands; they would, if they once got a glimpse of the danger lurking there. Talk about undermining our patriotism, there are the real borers.

IN THE SMOOTH course of Una Jeffers' lecture on poetry to the prosaic audience of the Carmel Highlands a week or so ago, she forgot a word from a line she was quoting. Pausing, she appealed to her husband:

"What was the word that Yeats used, Robin?"

"Tragic," he answered, and Mrs. Jeffers repeated, "Tragic"

and flowed on.

Yesterday she remarked that many of her hearers had noted the incident with interest, and she asked her husband why everybody was so interested. He knew.

"They were all interested because they were hearing the longest address I had ever made."

SOME SOVIET Russian authors happening in here this last week-end were unable to see anything spiritual in our lives; thought we were rather materialistic. Not educated up to it. They had talked with lots of students in our schools and colleges. Maybe that's why.



FASCISM IN SAN FRANCISCO'S PUBLIC SCHOOLS

BY LAWRENCE ESTAVAN

REPORTING the proceedings of the convention of Bay District teachers November 26, the San Francisco *Chronicle* startled its thoughtful readers with these headlines:

EXPERIMENTS HIT

Caulfield Urges Return of 3-Rs

A reading of extracts from the speech of C. Harold Caulfield, president of the Board of Education of San Francisco, proved only too conclusively that the headlines were not misleading. And well might the *Chronicle* record that "the school head's remarks were an unheralded sensation" at the meeting, being as they are the essence of that reactionary fascism that would throttle all but certain prescribed ideas, and preserve for the people, as William Morris puts it, "an intellectual slavery which is a necessary accompaniment to their material slavery".

Long have we had that clique of hidebound old reactionaries who insist upon the supremacy of the little red schoolhouse; who, proudly ignorant that their day is dead, boast of being able to spell and read and cipher better than these poor smatterers and solecists of the younger generation; who rhapsodize over a system of teaching that reduced everything to rote, fondly exhibiting the carefully slanted inanities of their Spencerian handwriting and demonstrating their ability to regurgitate sheer facts crammed down their throats.

But Mr. Caulfield is a young man, and he is not ignorant. He knows what he is about, just as Mussolini and Hitler and all the other demagogues know what they are about when they say to the public, "This far you may go, but no farther."

"I have no sympathy," says Mr. Caulfield, "with the thought the times are such that our educational system should be scrapped, to be replaced by a curriculum that takes 'as its new orientation the social, economic and political life existing today with its new potentialities'."

No, Mr. Caulfield. Let us not scrap our educational system

for anything, not even for a return to the 3-Rs!

What else does our head of education in San Francisco say besides advocating a return to the essentials of the little red schoolhouse? A mass of generalities in which I catch at the idea that he considers reading and writing and arithmetic as ends in themselves, and cannot recognize them for what they are, as a means only, by which the student may be led to think for himself.

"Education is not imparted by exposing the pupil to one isolated experience after another," continues Mr. Caulfield. "True learning is not accomplished by groping for answers in a bedlam of confusion. There are problems solved by an application of principles learned so well no difficulty can dislodge them."

Empty generalities.

"The youthful and adolescent mind is too precious to be made the playground of educational experiment. Let us have stability." This sounds like an echo of parochial school philosophy, where nothing but religious dogma is considered suitable thought for the youthful mind. Mr. Caulfield, as a product of the Catholic schools, should know this theory well.

Finally, in an attempt to become very disarming, Mr. Caulfield records the paradox that he is not opposed to change and he is opposed to change. The change, of course, must be his kind of change.

"I would not have anyone believe I would oppose change," he says, "even radical change, in the educational process. Change should be reasonable and well founded. Instead of searching for something new, I would rather see a searching inquiry into the extent our teaching is resulting in actual learning."

A kind of Hoover commission! And you may be sure that its findings would result in the persecution of all those teaching enlightened opinions; just as Dr. Joseph Marr Goodwin was persecuted by a politically-minded grand jury; just as

American Legion vigilantes are demanding the ouster of John C. Iliff, economics professor at San Mateo Junior College, on the allegation that he made speeches about Soviet Russia and sang the "Internationale"; just as Victor Jowett was dismissed from the Eureka Junior High School on charges of "unprofessional conduct" growing out of a statement that he compared the United States government unfavorably with Russia and criticized national characters. And so, if Mr. Caulfield can have his way we shall all become puling patrioteers, forever apotheosizing our heroes and following a more elaborate system of flag-kissing and allegiance-swearing under the best possible of governments in the best possible of worlds.

"A real teacher," concludes Caulfield, "is thrilled with the opening and development of a youthful intellect under his guidance. This effort of the classroom teacher is worth more than the speculation of a thousand experimentalists who become lost in the confusion of their own thoughts."

Thus Mr. Caulfield would ignore all new experiments in a new world and return to the oldest of the old systems, and yet he wishes to be identified as an enlightened man of progressive ideas, and so he becomes lost in the confusion of his own thoughts.

How different from this—how diametrically opposed—are the words of that brilliant young educator, Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, president of the University of Chicago, who spoke on the same program, and whose speech was published in full by the *San Francisco News* on its editorial page of November 27; Hutchins who was secretary of Yale at 24, lecturer in law at 26, dean at 29, and president at 30; Hutchins whose administration was investigated by a Senate commission on the complaint of a prominent druggist that Communism was being taught at the university, and who immediately after the abortive hearing announced a series of lectures by Alexander Troyanovsky, Soviet Ambassador, on "The Soviet Union and

World Problems", saying: "When freedom of utterance is abolished in one field, it will be abolished in all . . . Does anybody imagine freedom of utterance can be taken away from teachers and preserved for newspapers?" Of course, even Dr. Hutchins must be circumspect, but in comparison with the plunt fascism of the man who directs the San Francisco schools his remarks ring like a challenge.

"Free and independent exercise of the intelligence," says Dr. Hutchins, "is the essence of the teachers' tradition, and it is now in danger throughout the world." (In danger from just such a doctrine as Caulfield's.) Dr. Hutchins further upholds the right of citizens to use school buildings as natural forums for the discussion of controversial issues and even "radical" ideas, the only stipulation being that the assemblage must be legal.

In the face of our patrioteers, Dr. Hutchins concludes:

"I used to be opposed to permanent tenure for professors. I thought it was an invitation to mediocrity and that it had a depressing effect on professorial salaries. I now believe that the greatest danger to education in America is the attempt, under the guise of patriotism, to suppress free inquiry, discussion and teaching. Therefore I am now in favor of permanent tenure, with all its drawbacks, as by far the lesser of two evils. The search for truth must go on irrespective of political, economic, social, or religious prejudice. It is precisely when these prejudices are most intense that the dispassionate search for truth is most important."

Thus speaks Dr. Hutchins, and then he goes back to Chicago. And what good will his words have done in Fascist-Vigilante California, while Mr. Caulfield goes on barking up a tree about things being unstable and "basic cultural subjects" being threatened, and leaving the inference that he is in a mental fog as to whether our teachers are teaching well or ill.



U.C.L.A. AND THE JANSS INVESTMENT COMPANY

BY CLIVE BELMONT

IS STANFORD going to the Rose Bowl as the West's supreme football squad of the year despite crooked, industrialized football, or because of it? Supporters of Stanford, traditional supporters of Stanford, will say despite it. Believers that California's claims were as sound, will say because of it. Not crooked football on Stanford's part, nor on California's, but crooked football on the part of the University of California of Los Angeles, the Bruins, the Uclas, or whatever you want to call them. Not only crooked football, but industrialized football, football manufactured by money, or the desire for money. Crooked football created by the Janss Investment Company, original owners of the land on which the buildings of U. C. L. A. stand, and present owners of the property

occupied by a large number of the sorority and fraternity houses.

If it were not for the activities of the Janss Investment Company Stanford would undoubtedly to-day stand as the one unbeaten major team of the West. It was the Janss Investment Company that beat Stanford 7 to 6. It was the Janss Investment Company that made the touchdown in the Stanford-U. C. L. A. game and the Janss Investment Company that kicked the converting point which won that game. It was the Janss Investment Company that brought the fake "Ted Key" to U. C. L. A.

The story of the sudden flare of U. C. L. A. football is, in fact, the story of the Janss Company. In truth, the entire

policy of the U. C. L. A. administration can best be understood in the light of the Janss interests.

It is now not news that "Ted Key", 26 years old, the flashy Texas fullback of the U. C. L. A. 1935 football team, scored the touchdown and kicked the winning point in the Stanford game. It is also now not news that "Ted Key" was a fraud, masquerading under his brother's name; a professional football player, and previously to that a varsity football player for two years and more in Texas. Neither is it news that Dean Earl J. Miller, faculty athletic representative of U. C. L. A., made no definite endeavor to check on Key's past performances, his statements as to prep school credentials, at the time when he knew of the use of Key's assumed name in professional football and at the time he wrote to each institution in the Pacific Coast conference extenuating the football player's duplicity on the ground that the "boy" sought to circumvent parental objection to his playing football.

The Los Angeles newspapers have told all this. Key's "confession" appeared exclusively in the Hearst papers before it was made to his coach or to the university officials. In this, of course, he again acted professionally, and your guess is as good as anybody's as to how much the Great American Patriot paid the football faker for this "confession".

Editorially the Los Angeles Times, with an acerbity best explained by the fact that Key talked first and exclusively to the Hearst papers, characterized the football player as a "wretched bamboozler who has lowered the honor of his university and of college football".

But the Los Angeles newspapers delicately, and with understandable commercial discretion, leave the Janss Investment Company completely out of the picture. So, also, do the U. C. L. A. officials.

As for the representative student organs of the university, the exposure of the Key swindle was received with unmistakable complacency. To a large number of U. C. L. A. students it was not a novelty; knowledge of Key's dubious standing was widespread. The general attitude so far expressed with official sanction or toleration is: "Professionalism in college football, since it exists in fact, should be recognized and regularized under rules."

A recent issue of the U. C. L. A. campus paper, *The Daily Bruin*, suggested that college football, "already professional", should be so recognized. "Give the football players \$40 a month," it said, "and let deserving students have their campus jobs." The editorial was unsigned, but it has been credited to Gilbert Harrison, the editor.

After declaring that "football is no longer in the amateur class, but we still in our official dealings refuse to recognize the fact", the editorial made approving reference to a suggestion in the *Stanford Daily* that there be a "gentlemen's agreement" to standardize subsidization given to players in Pacific Coast colleges and universities. The U. C. L. A. editor was, however, more specific, calling for a division of gate receipts with the players, and judging that "\$40-a-month scholarships would be only fair". The *Stanford Daily* editors hurriedly explained, through a United Press newspaper story (November 12) that they hadn't proposed cash payments, but meant that "no school, no matter how rich, should be permitted to offer more inducements to football prospects than any other".

On November 8, the last day of classes, and prior to the *Bruin's* editorial proposal, students of U. C. L. A., arriving for their morning lectures, were greeted by the announcement of a football rally. "No classes at 11—all out for the big

rally" was the announcement. Several thousand students gathered before the rows of Romanesque brick buildings—for once permitted to stand on the grass. A loud-speaker system carried far and wide the voices of student and administration speakers.

Provost Ernest C. Moore, administrative head of the university, made the case of Key the burden of his deliberate, serious address. He told how the first rumblings of scandal started, explained apologetically why Key had not been permitted to play in the game with California the Saturday previous (November 2), and proudly maintained that U. C. L. A. had thus retained her honor; had Key played, the Berkeley team might have been defeated. He suggested that this probable victory had been sacrificed on the altar of fair play.

Members of the football team were on the platform. Key, of course, was not there, but Captain Bob McChesney, to the surprise of the students, talked about him, also. He shouted: "As far as we—the team—are concerned, Key is still tops with us." Then he led the assembled undergraduates in cheers for the masquerading football player, the Hearst "confessor". No word of condemnation of him was spoken during the rally.

Key's classmates have known him as a slow, sluggish student; just stupid where books and recitations are concerned. And he had no illusions about his intellectual attainments. "You can't expect us football players to know anything," he told a fellow student in a laboratory class. During written examinations he depended heavily on verbal and visual tips he might be able to obtain from his better-informed neighbors.

And here comes the Janss Investment Company. James D. Key, father of the fake "Ted", has for sometime past been employed as a watchman on the estate of Dr. Edwin Janss, 10060 Beverly Boulevard, Los Angeles, and the flashy fullback was also living on the estate. Both carefully and steadfastly maintained the deception.

Dr. Janss and his brother, Harold Janss, are the Janss

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LOUIS B. SCOTT

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA REPRESENTATIVE
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Ten cents a copy. Two dollars a year. One dollar for six months. Twenty-five cents for one month's trial. Canadian: Two dollars and twenty-five cents a year. Foreign: Two dollars and fifty cents.

Investment Company on whose vast Westwood real estate development the present U. C. L. A. structures were built and opened for classes six years ago.

Ten years ago a committee of seventeen prominent citizens appointed to select a site for U. C. L. A., cramped in inadequate quarters on Vermont Avenue, chose 100 acres offered in the Janss Westwood tract—then a deserted area many miles from the residential outskirts of Los Angeles.

Now more than 3,000 students pay from 21 to 50 cents a day to travel back and forth between their homes and Westwood. Those who live in the populous and less luxurious eastern, southern and northern areas of sprawling Los Angeles, spend many hours traveling in street cars, busses—and automobiles, if they have them. And every telephone call from U. C. L. A. to Los Angeles proper costs ten cents. For students who have to work their way through college the arrangement is all but impossible. Transportation time

and expense are keeping many hundreds of young men and women out of U. C. L. A.

But the presence of the university, its trade, its residences, its fraternities, sororities and accessories, has been the making of the Westwood tract and real estate values have soared. The Janss Investment Company owns and controls, through mortgage foreclosures, most of the fraternity and sorority houses. A recent check credits the Janss Company with thirty sororities and eight fraternities owned, and twenty-two others quartered in rented houses.

So U. C. L. A. gets a great deal of enthusiastic support from the Janss brothers—for the Janss Investment Company. The Janss brothers supply jobs as watchmen, caretakers, gardeners, etc., for good football prospects.

So Stanford lost the game, on the single point, made by the ball, that flew from the toe, on the capable foot, of the faking Key, who lived in the house that Janss built.



A SOLUTION OF THE PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY PROBLEM

BY WILLIAM SAROYAN

I AM writing this impossible story for children under three, who, of course, cannot read, and do not enjoy being read to; who, I mean, simply do not understand and don't want to. Children over three who read this story do so, as the saying is, at their own peril. Not to mention children over fifty, such as the President, Mr. Hearst, Arthur Brisbane, and other Americans. The President himself is one who enjoys impossible stories; in a five-cent magazine called *Liberty* the President furnished his countrymen with the plot to a very impossible mystery story. The President, like all modern great men, is a reader of mystery and crime stories. I do not know why this is so, but it is.

American mystery stories are supposed to take place in America, but actually they take place nowhere, which is the best part of it. The real mystery is never discussed, except by poverty-stricken proletarian writers whose books are never read. The mystery they write about is the mystery of everlasting greed and cruelty in the world, and that's the reason nobody ever buys their books; who wants to listen to lamentations?

The President's mystery plot is this: a man with five million dollars, a wife, a couple of children, and a broken-heart wants to get away from the world in which he lives and go somewhere and be alone; and he wants to take his money with him; every bit of it; he wants to change his name, and be forgotten, and still have his money. This is the crime story of the true American who wants to eat his cake and have it. How can he do it? If it's worth the President's time and energy to invent the problem, it ought to be worth your time and energy to try to solve it.

I myself have been giving the matter my undivided atten-

tion for weeks.

Here is this tragic man, Smith, Jones, Brown, with five million dollars (the equivalent, that is, of any number of remarkable things, like ten thousand poor people poorer than ever; ten thousand unemployed, etcetera), and a broken-heart. How shall we, who have nothing, who are nameless, who have nowhere to go, how shall we help our unfortunate brother whose heart is broken, although his stomach, unlike our stomachs, is full and warm? What shall we do to relieve the melancholy of this unfortunate man?

Well, I'll tell you, Mr. President.

This is a very timely problem you have placed before your people. It is a remarkably valid problem. It is no fun having five million dollars and a broken-heart, a wife and two kids, a big house, a big car, and being surrounded by hundreds of friends who are boring, artificial, deceitful, and strictly speaking unalive. It is agony of the worst kind.

The root, though; that is what I would like to mention to the children under three who cannot read and will not understand. No one else will be interested in the root, the beginning of Mr. Smith's despair, so I will speak of it to the little kiddies. The problem, of course, is still valid, but I will talk about the beginning. Nobody will pay any attention to what I say, so the final score will be zero to zero, in my favor.

Question number one is this: How come, Mr. President, this, instead of something else, is the problem which has troubled you for years, perhaps spoiling your sleep? How come you did not spend sleepless nights worrying about some other mystery? The undernourished kids of America. The sullen unemployed. The fat and frightened rich. How come, Mr. President, you did not worry about these babies?

The fat and frightened rich, for instance? How come you didn't wonder about a good way of taking away their fat and their fear, and letting them breathe freely the clear rich cold air of the poor man's winter; the bare house, the cold room, the stark window staring at the world, the silent heart, the silent tongue, the staring, and the deep breathing of winter cold? How come you didn't wonder how to get some of that idle cash away from the unhappy rich and give it to the unhappy poor?

And the answer to question number one, of course, is this: such a problem would make a bad mystery story; it wouldn't make interesting reading. And, Mr. President, you are an artist. No less. That is a problem worthy of the genius of Major Rupert Hughes.

It is such a sad problem, though. It is so full of American emptiness and agony: to have the world at one's feet, and then notice that one has no feet. God Almighty. To have the top of the ladder, and then to observe that one is in the dungeon. And the children under three wonder dumbly, if perhaps the problem is not just a shade autobiographical: saying to themselves in wordless language, How come the President, champion of all American successes, is concerned with such a mournful theme? How come, Ma? How come the President didn't ask his countrymen how an unemployed factory worker with no money could work hard and get hold of five million dollars and be happy ever after? How come the horse is under the cart, dead?

Ha Ha, Franklin, these are mournful times in every corner of the American landscape, even in the corners of the melancholy White House. The hearts of the children bleed for the unhappy rich.

Question number two is this: Why, Mr. President, why does Mr. Jones wish to get away from the glory he has earned for himself? Why does the great individualist wish to be lost among the mobs? What's eating the poor fellow, Mr. President? What's wrong with having five million dollars, a wife, two kids, a big house, a big car, and lots of the modern conveniences of modern American life? Is something the matter with these things? Did Mr. Jones make a mistake thirty years ago? Did he travel in the wrong direction? Or is it simply that everybody is bound to be unhappy anyway?

And the answer to question number two, of course, is this: Because. Because Mr. Jones has a good memory and remembers what he had to do to get what he has, and that spoils his sleep. That's what the children under three think, anyway. The poor fellow can't sleep any more. He keeps remembering how swell it used to be when he was nobody and had nothing.

The magazine called *Liberty* is offering a lot of money to the American who comes forth with the best solution to the President's tragic mystery problem. Three thousand dollars. I think. Maybe more. Well, that is too much money for any kind of a solution to that problem. By rights the solution is worth no more than thirty cents, or the equivalent of three loaves of bread. But if the real truth is known, any American who even attempts to solve the President's problem ought to be taxed sixty-five cents by the Federal Government for being a bigger fool than he has always been. And why? Simply because the problem isn't a problem at all. And there is no solution. The only way Mr. Smith can heal himself is to get drunk and keep on getting drunk until he kicks the bucket, or wise up. He's a cinch not to wise up, so he'll get drunk; and he'll go nowhere, and in less than five years his five million dollars will either increase and become seven eight, nine or even ten million dollars, or the revolution will take place.

The revolution? What am I talking about? Oh that. That's a little gag of the pathetic proletarians. That's the sad nag they trot out for every race; the old gray mare that dies before it gets to the quarter-mile post; but it tries hard. It leaves the barrier like a bat out of hell, but it flops in no time. And it is always throwing its rider and breaking his head. But they always like to mention the revolution. They know it isn't ever going to take place because nobody knows for sure if it will make any difference, and nobody wants to get his head busted.

Comrades, there ain't going to be any revolution. There ain't going to be any running. All you got to do is get rich and buy up the papers and the five-cent national magazines, and then, if you haven't forgotten what you wanted to do, you can put a President into office who will send in a different kind of mystery problem. But you'll probably wake up some morning and be in the same fix as poor Mr. Smith. Somebody's got to be swindled, Comrades, and there's nothing anybody can do about it. Maybe it's the way of the world. Maybe it's the way of substance alive, and in motion. The poor are miserable and the rich are miserable. The strong are melancholy and the weak are melancholy. One for one set of reasons, and the other for another. It always comes out the same way, zero to zero, with climate surrounding everything.

Oh yeah? Is that so? Well, how about Russia? How about the new world? How about the new life? Well, Comrades, I myself went to Russia once, and strike me dead if it wasn't America all over again, without the good-humor. On the level, Comrades. I'm not kidding. It was the same, only worse.

I wish Saint Stalin would break down some day and let the people of Russia know what's spoiling his sleep. I know something is. I wish he'd place a nice mystery problem before the people of Russia.

I'll bet ten to one it would be a lot like the miserable problem of our President. I'll bet my left eye against a buffalo nickel it would have the same smell, the same sound, and maybe worse.

So what can the little children do? What direction can they take?

Comrades and fellow-workers, citizens and patriots, Marxists and dialectical materialists, Democrats and tax-payers, the only thing the children can do is sleep. Can you? And that is the only direction they can take.

That's all, babies. That's the only cure God in His infinite mercy has provided, and the solution to Mr. Roosevelt's profound problem is this: if Mr. Brown will go to sleep, everything will be all right again in the world.

I hope I win the three thousand dollars.



HOLLYWOOD-WEEK

(Hollywood News Bureau—Special to PACIFIC WEEKLY)

SPLITTING TACTICS

OFFICIALS of International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (known as IATSE) and International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers (known as IBEW) this week begin to battle again. Though it takes the form of a "jurisdictional dispute", the squabble actually is for control of fat union dues. When it is settled, what will Hollywood film workers have gained? Technicians, growing aware that they can gain nothing, look askance at IATSE Prexy George Browne whose shouts for "industrial unionism" and the settlement of the jurisdictional dispute come at a time when Hollywood labor is beginning to organize again in the IBEW. Official procedure to-day strangely resembles the splitting tactics used to break Hollywood's studio strike of 1933. At that time, studio labor, organized in the IATSE, found itself on the losing end when IBEW officialdom stepped in, claimed jurisdiction, sent in IBEW workers to scab on IATSE cardholders. At close of strike, studio executives rewarded IBEW officials by recognizing their locals. Jurisdictional dispute between unions' leaders was carried to A.F. of L. officialdom, was never settled. Studio workers, forced into IBEW during 1933-35, have carried cards as a matter of form, cared little for organization—until recently when rank and file movement began to gather strength.

IATSE officialdom, starting drive to get studios to recognize its jurisdiction over studio workers, threatens nationwide theatre strike by IATSE theatre workers, calls a stoppage in Chicago to impress the Paramount Sales Convention there. This week will find picture and IATSE union executives meeting in New York to settle squabble. Since parties have not asked opinion of either workers or IBEW officials, squabble cannot be settled; the only result can be a further sharpening of the dispute, weakening of the unions by concessions to the studios—unless the rank and file movement grows.

FASCIST?

PICTURES to be watched for reactionary tendencies, anti-labor motifs, racial chauvinism, militarism: *Astaire dansical*, *Follow the Fleet* from RKO; Elbert Hubbard's mock-heroic *A Message to Garcia* from Twentieth Century-Fox; *Sutter's Gold* from Universal; Balaclava's *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, greatly changed *Petrified Forest* and enormously compressed *Anthony Adverse* from Warners; George Arliss' condescending *Mr. Hobo* from Gaumont-British; widely-publicized *The Good Earth* and programmer *The Tough Guy* from MGM. How will MGM handle Jacques Duval's play *Tovaritch*, London hit, just purchased for Greta Garbo? Play tells story of aristocratic Russian, reduced to kitchen drudge, and her meeting with Soviet Commissar, guest at her employer's home.

JEW-BAITER

HOLLYWOOD film colony this week begins boycott of Bullocks and Bullocks-Wilshire, leading Hollywood-Los Angeles-Beverly Hills department stores, for Bullocks has refused to boycott German-made goods, continues to fire Jewish employees.

Sam Goldwyn and MGM studios have canceled studio accounts at the store and Mrs. Sam Goldwyn continues private campaign among studio employees and friends.

Add to reasons for Government's failure to force U. S. manufacturers' boycott of Italian market: Film producers are scared to death that U. S. may join League's "no-oil-to-Italy" campaign, fearing Italy may retaliate by refusing to buy U. S. films.

"THE VOICE OF HOLLYWOOD" AND MONOPOLY IN THE NEWS

NEWSPAPER readers have long known that such news services as the Associated Press, United Press, Universal Service and International News Service (the latter two owned and operated by Hearst) are monopolies, with a point of view that finds its expression in the "truthfulness" of the reporting in the average American newspaper. What readers have not generally known is that newspaper publishers and these news services have concertedly attempted to force this point of view down the throats of networks and independent radio stations. They have tried to broaden their monopoly of the news so that even news reports over the radio might be edited, selected by the monopolists.

This week sees the first attempt to break that monopoly. Hollywood's independent radio station, KNX, is suing Harry Chandler's reactionary Los Angeles Times for \$250,000 in a civil action for libel, arising out of Chandler's efforts to stop KNX from broadcasting news that had not been furnished by the monopoly.

Fear of falling circulation as a result of radio's news broadcasts competing with newspapers brought into being the Publishers' Press-Radio Plan early in 1934. Networks agreed to limit news broadcasts to two 5-minute intervals per day, each timed at least six hours after newspapers, printing the same items, were on the street. These two five-minute bulletins were prepared by a publishers' editorial board; no news announcement was more than 30 words long. Broadcasts were identical on all stations, were supplemented only by rare bulletins on matters of extraordinary interest, and these only "teasers" to stimulate newspaper sales.

Into the news vacuum created by these artificial, monopolistic restrictions sprang a new independent news service, *Transradio*. To-day it furnishes the only 24-hour, uninterrupted wire service in the world.

Up to the time of the agreement, KNX was being supplied with news bulletins by the United Press. It permitted the U. P. to withdraw with but one month's notice instead of the six months' notice called for in their contract. But KNX refused to enter the Publishers' Press-Radio Plan, instead subscribed to *Transradio News Service*, at that time only an embryonic organization.

KNX broadcast its *Newspaper of the Air* on six fifteen-minute periods daily with frequent spot news announcements that satisfied its listeners, disgruntled the publishers. Threats failed to intimidate KNX; it continued its news service regardless of the fact that Los Angeles publishers concertedly dropped mention of the KNX news broadcasts from their radio column, later eliminated all of its programs from the radio log. KNX called upon its listeners to protest to the publishers at this discrimination.

Protests flooded the Times. In reply, Ralph Trueblood, managing editor, wrote a front page editorial, "A Plain Statement" which inferred that KNX had been stealing or fabrica-

ting its news, that it had refused to cooperate in a program backed by the most enlightened, most public-spirited publishers and radio networks. KNX demanded an apology, got the cold shoulder. The libel suit follows.

Superior Judge Warne has held that the matter is a libel *per se*, if the facts in the case can be proved, malicious intent shown. It is the plan of the plaintiff in court to bring the history and aims of the whole monopolistic set-up into the open. For obvious reasons, newspapers have chosen to ignore the suit.

BOOKS

ENCOURAGING POETS

BY MARIE DEL. WELCH

IN 1930 Ann Winslow, then assistant professor of English at Grinnell University, now at the University of California, founded the College Poetry Society of America. Sponsored by all the "grown-up" poets, the Society began in 1931 to publish a magazine, *College Verse*, now in its fifth volume. The society now has chapters in most of the colleges in the United States. Ann Winslow has been executive secretary, which is to say, office-boy, handy-man, publicity director, and what not, of the Society since it began. Several different unions could organize her and exhort her to strike for higher wages and shorter hours. Her work never seems to end, and her wages consist entirely in satisfaction derived from helping to bring the future a bit nearer to our future poets. It's a fine thing for these young writers to keep in touch with one another through their Society; and to have their own organ of publication. The magazine even tries to pay a little for poems, a mark of respect which few grown-up Poetry magazines accord. And it is a fine thing for us to have *College Verse* to let us know what the future is doing in the way of poets.

In her work with the College Poetry Society, Miss Winslow found opportunity for another job—the editing of an anthology of the younger poets. Most of them she knew through the magazine, others were suggested to her by professors in the various colleges. *Trial Balances** is an unusually interesting anthology. Thirty-two poets from all over the United States, poets of from eighteen to twenty-five years old, are represented. Each poet has a really adequate group of poems, and there is a critical article on each poet's work by one of the older poets. Eda Lou Walton, Stephen Benet, Hildegard Flanner, Malcolm Cowley, Yvor Winters, Marianne Moore, Witter Bynner and other well-known poets and critics appraise and appreciate their juniors—poets whose names we did not know, but some of which we'll know some day as well as we know those.

Trial Balances is an exciting book and if it is not on the list of poetry best-sellers this winter, people will have missed something. Some of these young poets have not found themselves yet, and a few, I think, have not much to find. But most of them are writing grand stuff. They are living and writing in the real world, not in some bubble of poetic youth. Their work has the youthfulness of all poets, not the mere

youth of being "under twenty-five". Lionel Wiggam, George Abbe, Ben Belitt, Alfred Hayes, and Josephine Miles (she is a Californian by the way), are my choices in this volume which offers much to choose from. Of these I think I'd pick Alfred Hayes in particular to say "I knew him when" about. His two long poems, "In a Coffee Pot" and "Underground", are remarkably powerful. Of the critical articles I like best Eda Lou Walton's. She leaves her poet, Ben Belitt, to take care of himself, as he well can, and uses his poems as any poet would want them used, to write warmly and wisely about "the modern poet", which is to say, about poetry.

A GLOOMY PICTURE

UNQUIET, by Joseph Gollomb. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) \$2.50
(Reviewed by Elvar Wayne)

UNQUIET is another novel about the sensitive intellectual fumbling in the dark, trying to unlock the door to a life full of meaning and purpose so that he may avoid being "neither one thing nor the other". David Levitt, from early childhood in Tsarist Russia through youth in a dismal East Side New York tenement, never finds himself at one with a world made complex and cruel by anti-Semitism, unrelieved poverty and the injustice of a predatory economy.

Gollomb's long autobiographical novel differs from the general run of such themes in that he is aware of the social forces which cause David's petty-bourgeois family to bribe their way out of Russia because of a relative's revolutionary activity and come to America where they find sweatshops, hunger and the familiar racial persecution. When David tries to climb out of the squalor with a college education and ambitions to become a writer, he finds class and racial barriers excluding him from the green pastures. The novel ends on a note of despair and defeat.

Gollomb lets us feel that, although David often identifies himself with the struggles of the exploited, there is little possibility of escape from a perverse world in that direction; rather, he would have David look within himself for salvation. But the latter is impossible because the individual is shackled by a capitalist economy which, by inference, is eternal. Hence the strong note of defeatism.

All this is a gloomy picture of man's fate, seldom painted, however, in flat tones. David's childhood in Russia and his adolescence in the East Side are vividly and passionately described. Yet Gollomb's delineation of tenement life suffers by comparison with that in Mike Gold's *Jews Without Money*, largely because Gollomb's novel is too subjective.

Perhaps I am too concerned with Gollomb's social viewpoint to deal justly with the excellencies of his novel—its vitality, its careful depiction of emotional reactions—but I am somewhat fed up on intellectuals who feel that the world is too much with them.

FOLLOW GRANDMOTHER'S INSTINCTS

EAT, DRINK AND BE WARY, by F. J. Schlink
(Covici-Friede) \$2

(Reviewed by R. A. Kocher, M. D.)

THIS is an impassioned recital of crimes and indecencies said to be committed by food manufacturers, distributors and advertisers.

With venom, the author, F. J. Schlink, President of Consumer's Research, tells us how our daily bread is unfit to eat, having been stripped of vitamins and minerals, puffed with air and contaminated with arsenic and lead; how milk ("an unnecessary food, except for infants"), is deprived of vitamin D and polluted with bacteria; how oranges are picked green and colored by poisonous ethylene gas; how dried fruits are

*TRIAL BALANCES, edited by Ann Winslow. (Macmillan) \$2

bleached and tainted with deadly sulphur-dioxide; how the ham we eat has been given a hypodermic injection of creosote; how canned salmon has been "reconditioned" from spoiled lots; how reputable scientists like E. V. McCollum and Lafayette B. Mendel, who disagree with his own dietetic theories, must be in the employ of the manufacturers; how to prevent colds and how to have good teeth by diet.

With no pretense of documentary evidence (for this the reader is referred to the files of Consumer's Research), the author would have us believe that whatever comes to our kitchen in a can, package, bottle or cellophane wrapper, is unfit for human consumption.

The final chapter is entitled, "Follow Grandmother's Instincts". The author seems a little muddled here. On the whole, he prefers the instincts of the savage. Poor suffering civilized man! His primitive ancestor is pictured as far more fortunate. When he went out to hunt, his naked skin exposed to the sun took in gobs of vitamin D. When he shot down a bison he ripped out a hunk of liver, a slice of sweetbreads and topped it off with a draught of fresh warm blood. What a man! Schlink makes the unique observation that primitive man, by his frequent use of liver and lights in his diet anticipated twentieth century scientists in the cure for pernicious anemia!

According to his book, for 123,000,000 poor starving or poisoned Americans, trapped in the economic treadmill, there is no hope. For only 13,000,000, with "fair or sizable incomes", is there any chance. "To those 13,000,000 Guinea Pigs", this work is dedicated.

If Mr. Schlink had stuck to his subject of food adulteration, and presented facts, which speak for themselves, and kept off the subject of dietetics, where he seems to have been unable to digest the second-hand information, he might have made a good book. By exaggeration, misstatement and ballyhoo, the author is guilty in this book of the very sins of which he accuses the food manufacturers. It is unfortunate. The need for legislative reform in matters of food regulation, distribution and marketing was never greater than now.

THE WINNER LOSES

A MAN IN ARMS. Anonymous. (Julian Messner) \$2
(Reviewed by Cleve Cartmill)

SOME 370 pages are used by the anonymous author of this new World War book to say that war is fun for an officer—booming corks on bottlefronts, unfrocked frisky pretties, shifting troops like chess pieces, outwitting hospital attaches, out-twitting Headquarters weissenheimers, playing the game with Death with somebody else's life as the stake.

Ralph Aburdon, architect, enrolls in an officers' training school, becomes a captain, is attached to the General Staff, sleeps with a strange dancer, goes to France after sleeping with a blonde, writes or cables his wife and child at intervals, sleeps with various women, then with the dancer again, who is really an Allied secret service agent, rides about in a Staff car, seduces a nurse, gets wounded because of curiosity, almost dies, gets drunk at every opportunity, and comes home to the wife and child.

That is the story for 370 pages. In the last three pages the book ceases to be militaristic propaganda and tells of the bewilderment of the winner—the soldier who comes back. He has lost everything. Chasing dollars is dull; in France he staked a month's pay on the turn of a card. Hunting has no thrill; he hunted armed men over there. There is nothing left.

Essentially, the book is pro-war. One wonders if it is the first of a series prefacing our probable entry into European conflict. After *All Quiet on the Western Front*, *God Have Mercy On Us!*, *Kamerad!*, and the stark horror of *Paths of*

Glory, *A Man In Arms* is like a faded pansy in a garden of tiger lilies.

SOME JUVENILE BOOKS

THE I-SPY ALPHABET, by Wilma Hickson and Archie Harradine. (William Morrow & Co.) \$2

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE ALPHABET, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. (Simon & Schuster) \$1

NURA'S GARDEN OF BETTY AND BOOTH, by Nura. (William Morrow & Co.) \$2

THE JUNGLE MAN AND HIS ANIMALS. Stories by Carveth Wells, pictures by Tony Sarg. (Robert McBride) \$1

HOLIDAY SHORE, by Edith Patch and Carroll Lane Fenton. (Macmillan) \$2

THE BOOK OF PREHISTORIC ANIMALS, by Raymond L. Ditmars and Helene Carter (Lippincott) \$2

(Reviewed by Ella Winter)

SINCE we were very young, children's books seem to be getting better, gayer, with more and brighter pictures. Is it so or is it only that our own youth's picture-books became so well-known that they no longer feel as fresh and bright as these all look?

At any rate, I am sure that there are more useful children's books to-day giving children something to learn while they enjoy their reading. Even the smallest. The I-Spy book, for instance, gives pictures of many objects whose names begin with each succeeding letter of the alphabet, and the small readers must see who can guess most. Each picture is in color, and in black and white so that the small tot may color, too. One letter has twenty-six objects to be guessed. The print is bold and black, and the coloring charming.

Hendrik van Loon's book is much more ambitious. Written for his small grandson he says himself he won't understand it till he's ten; but he'll enjoy the great colored letters before that. Each letter represents some town, and the forthright van Loon comments tell what that town stood for in history. There's Athens, and its Acropolis, and Delft with its political independence, and Gibraltar which was the key to the Mediterranean but is now about "as useful as a key to an empty safety-deposit", and Ilium with its wooden Trojan horse, London, Paris and Moscow, "the center of a new and interesting experiment in human behavior". With Venice, Washington, Tibet, Xanadu you can see that a great deal of geographical history is touched on and the drawings in three colors are simple and childlike. As in Russian children's books the tendency seems to be to draw more as children themselves draw.

Nura's book is beautiful for its lithograph illustrations; the story about a little girl and her shadow and what they did each hour of the day, is negligible, but the print is very readable and the colored lithographs could each be cut out and framed for nursery walls. Two former books of this great children's artist were chosen by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as among the best illustrated books of their year.

The Jungle Man is a sort of *Believe It or Not!* "Gee, it's exciting!" said my young reader. It tells all about fact and folk lore of strange birds, flying foxes, fish, strange snakes, mouse-deer, crocodiles and apes . . . and it has all the fantasy of fairy tales and the excitement of real animal stories. Tony Sarg's drawings without any tales would be worth the dollar the book costs, and his animals express surprise, joy, fear, anger, indignation, glee, horror, superiority and pain from jungle, tree-top and stream to the bedroom floor in a way to hold you captivated. Here's a book to delight any eight to eighty-year-old.

Holiday Shore gives with interleaved drawings that look

like photographs accounts of the strangest and most every day inhabitants of rock pools, sand and under-sea on a rocky coast in California that might very well be our own Monterey shore. Here is the red abalone with the worms and plants that grow on its shell, sea-hares looking like tamales, the sea cucumber, sea anemone, starfish, purple clams and the strangest sea weeds and kelp. Then there are Father Sea Horse and his young, and eels, salmon, stickleback, crabs, periwinkles, goose sea urchins, all described in their nests and habitat, with their habits, dress and mannerisms. There is a nice story of sandpipers, who are called bumblebee peep, which we didn't know before. As ever, everything that happens in the animal world is so much more miraculously ordered than in our world. And they have no presidents or parliaments either.

Dr. Ditmars and Miss Carter have assembled in beautiful pictures and words a ten-year-old can understand, even if he can't pronounce them, the chief facts about the extinct reptiles, birds and mammals—flying lizards, marine crocodiles, plant-eaters, cohippus, shovel-jawed mastodon and so on—their life and passing away. Geographic and geological maps and pictures give a graphic story of the aeons from 600 million years ago to Man.



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CORRESPONDENCE

THREE LETTERS ON BRIFFAULT

Editor, Pacific Weekly

I realize how exactly Robert Briffault's article, "The Essential Lie of Christianity", fits into Pacific Weekly. But the mind of the writer did not think far enough. The lie he finds is only a partial truth and does not apply to all cults of Christianity.

Any writer should have flashes of inspiration but the author of "The Essential Lie of Christianity" seems never to have any. Christianity, like all religions, is full of lies perpetrated by the followers, who are only finite beings and liable to err. Christianity has never been fully tried out. Nazareth was not unknown to Palestinian geography, as Briffault says, Jesus did not teach the doctrine of non-resistance. The churches do not teach it. "Resist not evil"—we do not get all of this text. Jesus alludes in these words to those small affairs of life in their relation to one another. His whole life He resisted great evils.

His life was the most radical of revolutionists. He lived in primitive times comparatively. He formulated no rules for church or state. He knew His message was adaptable, expansive, occult, and

suited the mind of the little child, the adult and the philosopher. His service was only individual, and yet how it spread! He must have known that in time it would revolutionize the world, as it has done, and is still working, and we have as a result—all the cults and isms as fruits of his ideas. He was a born Socialist and lived Socialism. His ideas have been very much perverted innocently.

His greatest sermon was given to just one—and that one a woman of Samaria. "Henceforth thou shalt not worship here nor there, for God is Spirit, and they who worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." He taught an abstract religion. Christianity submerged in ritual and ceremonial is not true Christianity and eventually will fall. In Russia religion was non-resistant to all social injustices, and as such it became an opium to the people due to its false character and imperial oppression. We have a Christian nation, and yes we have a Christian government, the best to date of any in the world filled with the best people to be found. The wars of our government in the past were to resist evil. Christianity does resist evil—non-resistance is not its doctrine. To-day the League of Nations from a Christian world is resisting evil, though imperfectly.

Either much learning has made our dear Briffault mad or I have no brain or thinking power. And yet I have wandered far from my religious bringing-up, only to get more religion and a broader view of things. Now I stand on the mountain top of all religions and with a broad intuitive wisdom, not of books to be pinned down with mental ideas, I get the truth of it all. Religion in the wide world—religion of all races and peoples—God's mind in action through it all, acting through finite, imperfect minds, trying to know God, the Absolute. Religion is an abstract thing as Jesus taught it. Some day we will get there—the perfect world.

Ukiah, California

Eugenia Cox

Editor, Pacific Weekly

The article by Robert Briffault, "The Essential Lie of Christianity", is very stimulating, as are all of Mr. Briffault's writings. Under a conglomerate mass of historical fact, quasi and pseudo history, and pure theoretical moonshine as highly distilled as that of any theologian of the Middle Ages, I believe he is getting at a really important problem. Or, perhaps, it is a problem more apparent than real.

The fundamental question raised may be stated in this way: Does a belief in the supreme values of persons, or as Mr. Briffault puts it, that goodness is a "quality of character", conflict inevitably with the belief that morality is determined by social well-being? Theoretically the two seem mutually exclusive, and there is some historical justification for the opinion. (However, let us be good enough Marxians to agree that social conditions determine religious practices and thought patterns, and not vice versa.)

Rather than theorize, let us look at the facts. As a matter of record, the religious leader has never been the man to "resist not evil". (Religious controversies have shed blood enough, one would imagine, to satisfy even Mr. Briffault.) But, seriously, religious teachers, from Moses on, have not been passive conformers, but the most intensive reformers, even revolutionaries. Moses actually del a slave rebellion and exodus. The prophets of Israel, Amos, Hosea, Micah, the first Isaiah, etc., not only preached against the priests and princes, but they gave their lives to save the people from them. Socrates, the philosopher-saint of Greece, led an active life of resistance against the rulers. And who ever lived more actively in opposing entrenched evil than Jesus, whom to doubt as an historical figure, though legend covered, is silly? And there are Kagawa and Gandhi today.

Yes, Mr. Briffault may say, but what did these men do but get themselves killed, most of them? This gets us to the crux. Religious leaders, for some reason, because of their belief that personality is sacred, or because of the "peculiar quality of life", would rather die to change men and society than organize them to kill others. Here is where true religion and communism are in conflict. It is not so much as to whether morality is based on social utility or quality of personal life. What is social utility apart from personal well being in the aggregate? The bitter, unreasoning attitude of the communist of the orthodox type toward religion is itself essentially a religious reaction, a reaction of dogmatic religious orthodoxy of the purest type. Faith means the commitment of the life to a certain way of life and belief. Communists are men of faith with a vengeance, and they are characterized by the usual intolerance. The phenomenon has been historically recorded and psychologically analyzed many times.

Let us have our separate religions if we must, but let us show our masters that we can work together for the co-operative world. Why be as silly as religious people of the past?

Seaside, Oregon

Ross Waldron Anderson

Editor, Pacific Weekly

Deep questions are always more or less controversial and I liked Robert Briffault's article, "The Essential Lie of Christianity", because it was so provocative. I have always had a deep interest in religion

and while his article startled me, it was in no sense offensive. Mr. Briffault's argument falls short in two or three places but his case for the irreconcilability of Communism and Christianity is fairly sound, I think.

I was reminded of Beatrice Kinkead's address, "Education in Two Worlds", in which she spoke of the religious question in the Soviet Union today. Her view is that the two main aspects of religion—its theology and its moral and ethical teaching—have been supplanted by science and the theater, and I think the replacements are all to the good.

Dr. Frankwood Williams in his very fine book, "Russia, Youth and the Present Day World", devotes three chapters to the religious question, his arguments being much the same as Briffault's, which is the modern psychiatrist's point of view, but he also said that there is more real spirituality in the Soviet Union today than in any country in the world.

Robert Briffault says the Marxian formula is that "religion is the opium of the people". Was it not Lenin who said this? Marx goes much deeper: "The method of production in material life determines the general character of the social, political and spiritual processes of life. It is not the consciousness of men that determine their being, but on the contrary, their social being determines their consciousness."

Then, too, Briffault does not give the Hebrew stem enough credit for the ideal of social justice—this ideal did not entirely come into Christianity by way of the Greeks. His criticism of the "anti-social character and immoral teaching in Christianity" sounds harsh to us who were brought up on belief in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, but I believe his argument stands a sound, mental-scientific test, and he is right when he says that "rational social organization and religion are diametrically opposed".

Now, I greatly admire Dr. Whitaker and I agree with him, too,

when he says that right now a united front is important, even though we must soften the extremes of the materialistic ideology to achieve it. America is still steeped in the sentimentality of evangelical Protestantism and this is very deep-seated in both liberal and orthodox points of view. I disagree with Dr. Whitaker when he says that Jesus was not an individualist—on more than one occasion Jesus stressed the worth of the individual, although he also emphasized the "social gospel". Christianity is both individualistic and social, but the early believers had no access to those sciences which modern sociologists have as to what conditions the individual and social values in life.

I agree with Dr. Whitaker that many ministers have given great devotion and sacrifice to the cause of social justice, and because of this they should today lend their aid and understanding to the psychologists and psychiatrists who are doing so much to weed out these old religious superstitions and complexes, so that we can really have a social world. There is too much of a tendency today for slightly "leftist" ministers to sidle over to the right when put on the spot and there is a great deal of absolutely reactionary preaching in Protestant Churches today, even by so-called liberals, as witness the answers of ministers from all over the country to the spurious Roosevelt letter.

No doubt there is room for a great deal of theological dispute here but I am sure that Pacific Weekly did not intend to inject a theological dispute into the cause of the United Front. The Weekly is read mostly by people who are coming of age mentally and we ought to have more of these provocative articles such as Briffault's—we shall have to face and solve these deep questions regardless of any economic system under which we live.

I find Pacific Weekly very stimulating and hope it will continue along the high level on which it has started.

San Francisco

Irene Hume

"THEY TELL ME..."

CARMEL was indeed a catholic community over last week-end. At the Sidney Fish ranch were visiting Prince and Princess Vassily Romanoff, kin of the Russian Czars, the Golitzins, and the Prince Yosoupoff who killed Rasputin. Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers met them and listened to their tales of how they escaped on a boat in less-than-steerage, with no possessions at all. "But you had your lives," the poet remarked.

Ilf and Petroff, the Soviet satirists, were in Carmel at the same time, visiting the Rhys Williams' and Lincoln Steffens' and eating a huge breakfast at Captain Sharkev's newly-bought house on the beach. The Mark Twain team from the Soviet Union was accompanied by S. Trone and his wife. Trone for many years represented General Electric in Soviet Russia. Himself a charming personality, he found it difficult to translate without adding his own deeply-felt and bubbling comments. The visitors inspected the lovely carvings at the studio of Charles Sumner Greene, architect, and listened to Anne Greene play the piano. They averred they had a better time in Carmel than anywhere in America. They are going on to Hollywood to visit Charlie Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Salka Viertel and numerous movie writers. Endless and interested curiosity was their hallmark, as it is that of so many of these emissaries of a young and rising order.

MRS. FREMONT OLDER has been in Carmel, visiting Annie Laurie. Mrs. Older is bringing out two books in the spring: the definitive "Life of William Randolph Hearst" to be published by Appleton-Century, and a book on the Missions of California, sponsored by Dutton's. Some years ago Mrs. Older had a play produced in San Francisco, but these will be her first published books.

"The Life of Fremont Older" by Evelyn Wells, of the staff of the "Call-Bulletin", will also be published by Appleton-Century.

ANNIE LAURIE, who may be seen any day on the porch of the frame house on the Point, also writes in the Hearst newspapers under the name of Winifred Black.

LANGSTON HUGHES' play "Mulatto" is still running on Broadway, and is now going into its seventh week. Hughes has started on another comedy and Emjo Basshe is dramatizing his early novel "Not Without Laughter".

A sandwich man dressed as a southern gentleman in black fedora and goatee recently paraded up and down Fifth Avenue with the following sign:

"DO NOT GO TO MULATTO BY LANGSTON HUGHES"

"IT IS A LEWD AND LASCIVIOUS PLAY AN INSULT TO THE SOUTHERN ARISTOCRACY"

It is not recorded whether this was an ad or a protest, but on the those reporting it had the effect of an ad. Tickets were bought for the play that night.

Hughes plans to leave for Europe immediately after Christmas when he will work on the novel for which he received a Guggenheim fellowship.

HUMAN NATURE seems to be much the same anywhere. They gave a play at Tehachapi Women's State Prison. "Actually gave it, too," writes Caroline Decker, "after two months of rehearsing and contending with temperamental actors and actresses who flip up their contracts and leave on the slightest provocation, as though they were flipping up a rubber check. Can you beat that?"

The play was "And Let Those Who Will Be Clever", and Caroline Decker was "Arabella", and Nora Conklin "Maude" and Louise Todd a Wardrobe Mistress. "I was the country-bred cousin," wrote Caroline. "left orphaned in the hands of a bankrupted bourgeois family. I got them all messed up, but finally restored them to prosperity and ran off with the millionaire hero. Nothing less."

Books the Criminal Syndicalism prisoners would most like just now are Thomas Wolfe's "Of Time and the River", Lewis Corey's "Decline of the Middle Class" and "Decline of American Capitalism", and Strachey's "Coming Struggle for Power" which has just appeared in the Modern Library \$1 Giants series.

—ELLA WINTER

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Ellen Glasgow's "Vein of Iron".
Herbert Agar's "The Land of the Free".
Mary Pickford's "My Rendez-Vous with Life".
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Edward Levinson's "I Break Strikes".

IN

PACIFIC WEEKLY

ANNOUNCING--

AN EDUCATOR, A STUDENT OF SOCIAL
AND POLITICAL ECONOMY begins in
PACIFIC WEEKLY next week a series of articles
on Karl Marx. The articles are to appear ev-
ery other week and are intended to lead a dis-
cussion which is timely and should be of value
in a search for a solution of our present serious
problem.

READERS of this magazine are urged to follow
this series and enter into the discussion.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK in

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